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THOMAS and SALLY.  
A Dramatic Pastoral  
*As Perform'd at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden,*

by

Mr Beard

Miss Brent and

Mr Mattocks

Miss Poitier.

*Compos'd by Dr Arne.*

*For the Harpsicord, Voice, German Flute, or Violin.*

Price 1.<sup>s</sup> 6.<sup>d</sup>

London. Printed for I. Wallis in Catharine Street in the Strand.

Of whom may be had

Thomas and Sally in Score, with Recitatives, Chorus, Songs, and Overture .  
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## OVERTURE I

*Presto*

*Pia* *For* *Pia* *For*

1 Thomas and Sally Dr Arne

1

The musical score is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations. It includes a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Presto'. The score is divided into systems, each with a treble and bass staff. Dynamics are indicated by 'Pia' (piano) and 'For' (forte). The notation includes eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and repeat signs. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final key signature change to one flat (Bb).

Handwritten musical score for piano, featuring six systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

Dynamic markings and other annotations include:

- Pia* (Piano)
- For* (Forzando)
- Largo*
- Vell.* (Vivace)

The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat signs.

## THE SCOTCH AIR IN THE OVERTURE TO THOMAS AND SALLY

Affetto

Sung by M<sup>r</sup> Tenducci at Ranelagh & Mills Breat at Vauxhall

To ease his Heart and own his Flame, young JOCKEY to my Cottage came, but tho I lik'd him passing well, I careleſs turn'd my Spinning Wheel My Milk white

Hand he did extol, and prais'd my Fingers long and ſmall on ſuch Joy my Heart did feel, but ſtill I turn'd my Spinning Wheel *Sy* Then

round about my ſlender Waſts, he clasp'd his Arms and me embrac'd, to kiſs my Hand he down did kneel, but yet I turn'd my Spinning Wheel, with gentle Voice I bid him

riſe, he bleſs'd my Neck my Lips and Eyes, my fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal, yet ſtill I turn'd my Spinning Wheel. *Sy* Till

bolder grown ſo cloſe he preſs'd, his wanton thoughts I quickly gueſs'd, then pull'd him from my Rock and Reel, and Angry turn'd my Spinning Wheel, at laſt when

I be-gan to chide, he ſwore he meant me for his Bride, 'twas then my Love I did reveal, and flung away my Spinning Wheel. *Sy*

# THE ECCHOING HORN

The ecchoing Horn calls y<sup>e</sup> Sportfinn abroad, To Horfe my brave boys & away, The

morning is up, and the cry of the Hounds upbraids our too tedious delay: What pleasure we feel in pursuing the Fox, O'er hill and o'er valley he flies;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him huzza! The traitor is feiz'd on and dies, he dies . . . . . the traitor is feiz'd on and dies, then

follow, we'll soon overtake him huzza! the traitor is feiz'd on and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,  
 Like Bacchanals shouting and gay;  
 How sweet with a Bottle and Lads to refresh,  
 And loose the fatigues of the day:  
 With Sport, Love, and Wine, fickle Fortune defye,  
 Dull Wisdom all happiness fours;  
 Since Life is no more than a passage at best,  
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs, with flow'rs &c.

# SALLY

*Lento*

My former time how brisk and gay, So blith was I, as blith, as blith could be; But now, now I'm

The Lads pursue, I strive to shun,  
Their wheedling arts are lost on me;  
For I to death shall love but one,  
And he, alas! is gone to Sea.

lad, ah well-a-day. For my true Love is gone to Sea, For my true Love is gone, is gone to Sea.

As droop the flow'rs, till light return,  
As mourns the Dove its absent she;  
So will I droop, so will I mourn,  
Till my true Love returns from Sea.

# DORCAS

*Moderato*

That May-day of Life is for pleasure, For singing and dancing and show, Then why will you waite such a

Treasure, In sighing and crying Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho! In sighing and crying Heigh-ho! Let's copy the Bird in the meadows,

By her's tune your Pipe when tis low, Fly round & Coquet it as the does, & never sit crying Heigh-ho. Heigh-ho! & never sit crying Heigh-ho!

Tho, when in the Arms of a Lover,  
It sometimes may happen, I know,  
That e'er all our toying is over,  
We cannot help crying Heigh-ho!

In Age, ev'ry one a new Part takes,  
I find, to my Sorrow, tis so,  
When Old, you may cry, till your Heart aches,  
But no one will mind you Heigh-ho!

## A DIALOGUE

SQUIRE

Well met pretty Maid, Nay don't be a fraid, I mean you no mischief I Vow, I Vow, I mean you no mischief I Vow, I shaw what is your

ail, Come give me your Pail, And I'll carry it up to your Cow.

SALLY

Pray let it alone  
I've Hands of my own,  
Nor need yours to help me forbear,  
forbear  
Nor need yours to help me forbear,  
How can you persist,  
I won't Sir be Kist,  
Nor teaz'd thus go trifle else where.

Ger. Flute

SQUIRE

In you, lonely Grove,  
I saw an Alcove,  
All round the sweet Violet Springs,  
It springs  
All round the sweet Violet Springs,  
And there was a Thrull,  
Hard by in a Bush,  
'Twon'd charm you to here how he sings.

SALLY

But hark, prither hark,  
Look yonder's a Lark,  
It warbles and pleases me so,  
It warbles  
It warbles and pleases me so,  
To hear the soft Tale,  
Of the sweet Nightingale,  
I won'd not be tempted to go.

SQUIRE

Then here we'll sit down,  
Come come never frown,  
No longer my Bliss I'll retard,  
retard  
No longer my Bliss I'll retard,  
Kind Venus shall spread,  
Her Veil over Head,  
And the little Pique Cupid be p guard.

## SALLY

First system of musical notation for 'SALLY'. The treble staff contains a melody with various ornaments (trills, grace notes, etc.). The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat).

Second system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "Grant me ye Powers I ask not, I ask not Wealth, Grant me but Innocence but Innocence & Health, Grant me but". The notation continues with the treble and bass staves.

Third system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "Innocence, but Innocence and Health, but Innocence and Health, Ah! what is Grandeur, what is Grandeur link'd to Vice, 'tis only". The notation continues with the treble and bass staves.

Fourth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "Virtue gives it Price, 'tis only Virtue gives it Price, Ah! what is Grandeur, what is Grandeur link'd to Vice, 'tis only Virtue gives it Price, 'tis only Virtue gives it". The notation continues with the treble and bass staves.

Fifth system of musical notation. The lyrics are: "Price, 'tis only Virtue gives it Price". The notation concludes the piece with the treble and bass staves.

ig

Were I as Poor as Wretch can be, As great as a - ny Monarch he

p. 6 b

Octaves

Octaves

Ere on such Terms I'd mount his Throne, I'd work my Fingers to the Bone, Ere on such Terms I'd mount his Throne, I'd work my Fingers

to the Bone.

Fortis.

Octaves

74

Andantino

P.

—

Life's a Garden rich in Treasure, Bury'd like the Seeds in Earth there lie Joy, Contentment, Pleasure, but 'tis Love must bring them forth: That warm

Sum its Aid de-ny-ing, we no Hap - - - pyness can taste But in cold obstruction lying Life is all one barren walle, Life is all one barren walle. End with the Symph:

End with  
the Symbol:

## D O R C A S

With Spirit

When I was a young one what Girl was like me, So wanton, so Airy, and brisk as a Bee, I tattled, I

rambled, I laugh'd, and where'er A Fiddle was heard, to be sure I was there.

To all that came near I had something to say,  
 'Twas this Sir, and that Sir, but scarce ever nay;  
 And Sundays drest out in my Silks and my Lace,  
 I warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

At Twenty, I got me a Husband — poor Man!  
 Well rest him — we all are as good as we can;  
 Yet he was so peevish he'd quarrel for Straws,  
 And Jealous — tho' truly I gave him some cause.

He snub'd me and huff'd me — but let me alone,  
 Egad I've a Tongue — and I paid him his own;  
 Ye Wife's take the hint, and when Spouse is untow'rd,  
 Stand firm to our Charter — and have the last word.

But now I'm quite alter'd the more to my woe,  
 I'm not what I was forty Summers ago;  
 This Time's a fore Foe, there's no shaming his Dart,  
 However I keep up a pretty good Heart.

Grown Old yet I hate to be fitting Mum Chance,  
 I still love a Dance, tho' unable to Dance;  
 And Books of Devotion laid by on the Shelf,  
 I teach that to others — I once did my-self.

# SQUIRE

11

*Andante*

When late I wander'd o'er the Plain, From Nymph, to Nymph I  
 strove in vain, My wild desires to rally, to rally, My wild desires to rally; Sy But now they're of themselves come home, And  
 strange! no longer wish to roam, They Centre all in SALLY, in SALLY, They Centre all in SALLY.

2  
 Yet the unkind one damps my Joy,  
 And cries I court but to destroy,  
 Can Love with ruin tally?  
 By those dear Lips those Eyes I swear,  
 I would all Deaths all torments bear,  
 Rather than injure SALLY.

3  
 Come then, oh come thou sweeter far,  
 Than Violets and Roses are,  
 Or Lillies of the Valley;  
 Oh follow Love and quit your fear,  
 He'll guide you to these Arms my Dear,  
 And make me blest in SALLY.

For the Guitar

*Andante*

Sy So Sy

## DUETTO

*Moderato*

Squire  
Come, come my dear Girl I must not be ay'd, Fine Cloaths you shall

flafh in, and rant it, and rant it away, I'll give you this Purse too, and hark! hark you beside, We'll kiss, we'll kiss and we'll toy, at the long Summer's Day.

Sally  
Of kissing and toying you soon, soon would be tired, shoud' poor hapless Sally consent, consent to be naught, Besides Sir believe me, I scorn, scorn to be hind, The

Squire  
Heart, the Heart's not worth gaining, which is to be bought. Fear not my sweet Sally the World's busy Tongue, Soon, soon above Scandal my Girl, my

Sally  
Girl shall be put, Then laugh as you roll, as you roll in your Chariot along, at dragle-tail, dragle-tail Chastity walking a Foot. If only the fear of the

"World made me shy, my Coyness and Modesty were but ill, were but ill shown; Their Pardon 'twere easy with Money, with Money to buy, But how, how to I me

Squire Sally Squire

how I could purchase my own . Leave Morals to Grey Beards those Lips were defignd, for better employment. I'll not be a Whore! O fie Child! Love bids you be

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

But Virtue commands me be honest and poor , no no , no no , But

rich and be kind , Be rich , and be kind , O fie Child! Love bids you be rich and be kind .

5 6 4 3 7 6 6 7

Virtue commands me be honest and poor , Virtue , commands me , be honest and poor ,

rich and kind , O fie Child! Love bids you be rich and be kind , Love

7 6 6 7 7 6 4

Sally Sy

bids you be rich and be kind . But Virtue commands me be honest and poor .

5 7 6 F. 6 F. 6 6 6 4 3

## DORCAS

*Moderato*

All ye who would wish to succeed with a Lad, Learn how the Affairs to be done; For  
if you stand fooling and fly like an Ass, You'll lose her, lose her, You'll lose her as sure as a Gun. Gun.

2  
With whining, and sighing, and Vows, and all that,  
As far as you please you may run;  
She'll hear you, and Jeer you, and give you a Pat,  
But Jilt you, Jilt you,  
She'll Jilt you, as sure as a Gun.

3  
To Worship, and call her bright Goddess is fine,  
But mark you the Consequence, Mum;  
The Baggage will think herself really divine,  
And scorn you, scorn you,  
She'll scorn you as sure as a Gun.

4  
Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and stout,  
And no Opportunity shun;  
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,  
But Mum — Mum —  
But Mum — She's as sure as a Gun.

For the German Flute

Then be with a Maiden bold, frolic, and stout,  
And no Opportunity shun;  
She'll tell you she hates you, and swear she'll cry out,  
But Mum — Mum —  
But Mum — She's as sure as a Gun.

# SALLY

15

**SALLY** 15

*Targhetto*

*Aspicious*

Spirits guard my Love, In time of Danger near him bide. With out spread Wings around him move, & turn each ran - - dom Ball a - -

tide, And You his Foes tho' Hearts of Steel, Oh may You then with me accord, A Sympa-thetick Passion feel, Behold his Face, And drop the

Sword, Behold his Face, and drop the Sword.

Ye Winds your blaffing Fury leave.

Ye Winds your blaff'ring Fury leave,  
Like Airs that o'er the Garden sweep,  
Breath loft in Sighs, and gently heave  
The calm smooth Bofom of the Deep.  
Till Halcyon Peace return'd once more,  
From Blasts fecure and hostile Harms,  
My Sailor views his Native Shore,  
And harbours safe in these fond Arms. And harbours &c

## THE LAST DIALOGUE

And te Thomas

Let Fops pretend in Flames to melt, And

Sally

plead the Pains they never felt, We Sailors scorn their fervile Arts, For with our Hands we give our Hearts, Let prudish Ladies still deny, Look cold

Thomas

give their Hearts the Lye, I own the Passion in my Breast, And long to make my Lover blest, For this the Sailor on the Mast, Endures the cold & cutting

Sally

blast, All dripping Wet wears out the Night, And braves the Fury of the Fight, For this the Maiden Fines and Dies, With throbbing Heart & streaming Eyes, Till

Sy

sweet Reverse of Joy She proves, And clasps the faithful Lad she Loves.

Directly to the DUETTO

## DUETTO

Sally  
Ye British Youths be Brave You'll find, the British Virgins will be kind,  
Thomas  
And they'll repay - - you

Ye British Youths be Brave You'll find, the British Virgins will be kind, Protect their Beauty from a-larms,

Sy  
with their Charms, P.  
Ye British Youths be Brave You'll find, the British Virgins will be kind, Pro -

Ye British Youths be Brave You'll find, the British Virgins will be kind, Pro -

- tect their Beauty from alarms And they'll - repay - - you with their Charms. fmo  
- tect their Beauty from alarms And - - they'll repay - - you with their Charms. 66 6 5 4 3 fmo













